

PHANTOM PATRIOT

OCT
2001



**“RESISTANCE TO TYRANNY
IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD.”**

Thomas Jefferson



Back from the grave
Free to roam
The Phantom Patriot
Will reclaim his home.

I will inspire
True Americans to fight
No one will steal
Our God-given rights.

New World Order
Cower in fear
Your global conspiracy
Will soon be made clear.

The Constitution stands
As my source of power
The truth in its words
Will win the final hour!

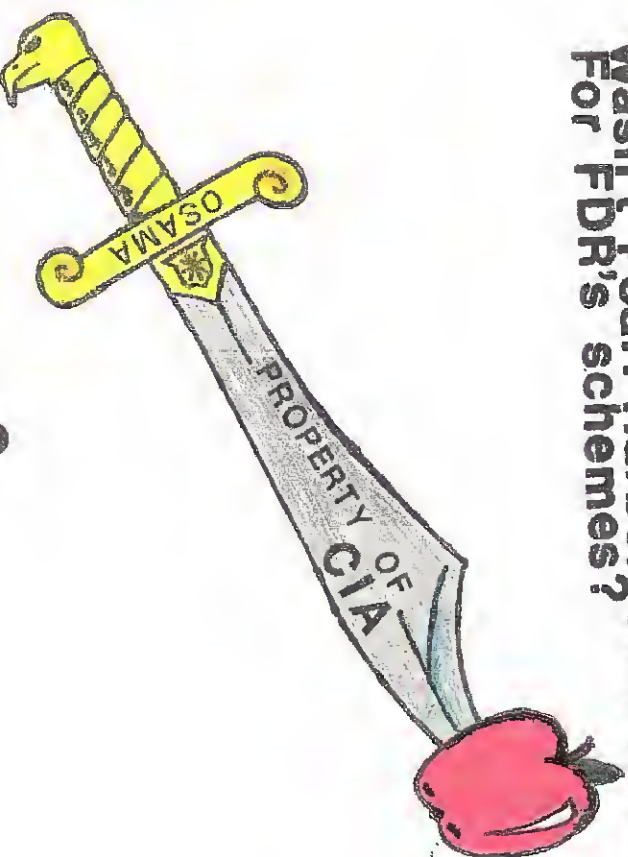
TOOL OF A TRAITOR

Osama Bin Laden
Where is he at
Could he be planning
Another terrorist attack?

Big Brother is watching
But isn't it strange
We are told that America
Has become his free range.

The Pentagon burns
World Trade Centers fall
It's easy to blame
One man for it all.

Bush's performance
May not be what it seems
Wasn't Pearl Harbor sacrificed
For FDR's schemes?



CONFISCATE THIS

I'll give you my gun
When Hell freezes over
If you don't believe me
Then just come on over.

I'll give you my ammo
One round at a time
It makes nice little holes
The size of a dime.

If confiscation is your game
Then you'll pay the price
I'm sick of concessions
No more Mr. Nice.

If a team of SWAT "ninjas"
Kicks down my door
I'll consider their stupidity
An act of war!



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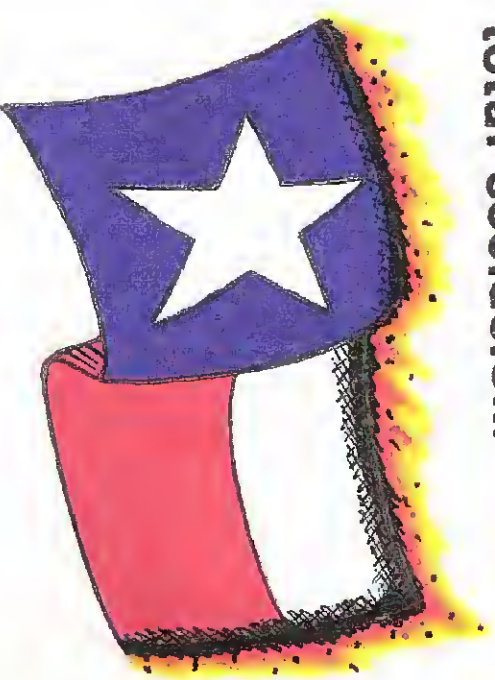
RENOCIDE

"Save" the children
It's for their own good
Incinerate them
Like Janet Reno would.

She could not allow
Those kids to be raised
To value their freedom
For God to be praised.

If you read the Bible
Or dare own a gun
That witch calls you terrorist
Then treats you like one.

The slaughter at Waco
Has shattered the illusion
That liberty can stand
In total seclusion.



4

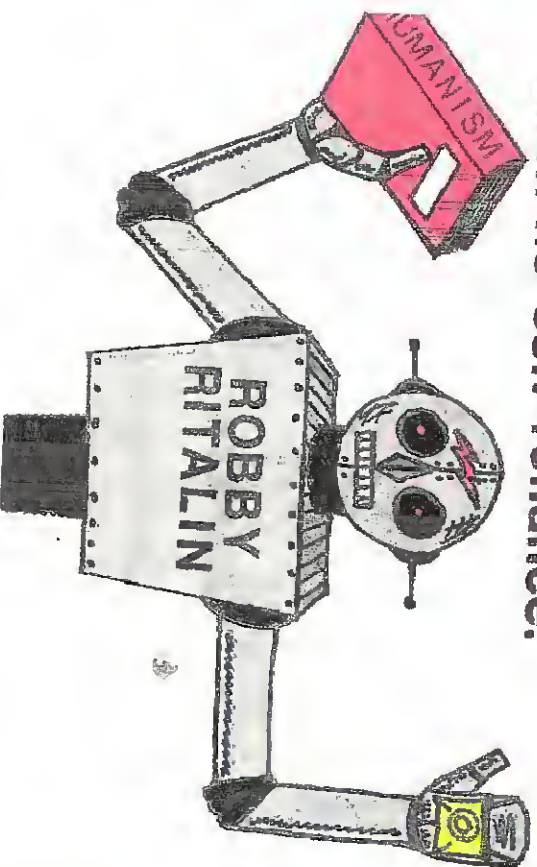
ROBOT FACTORY

March them right in
The programmers await
Once children turn ten
They are taught how to mate.

Don't worry about arithmetic
Writing or history
Harry Potter says
All the world's a big mystery.

God doesn't exist
The teachers say so
If the parents disagree
Off to counselling they go

When children take ritalin
To ensure their compliance
They become little robots
With no self-reliance.



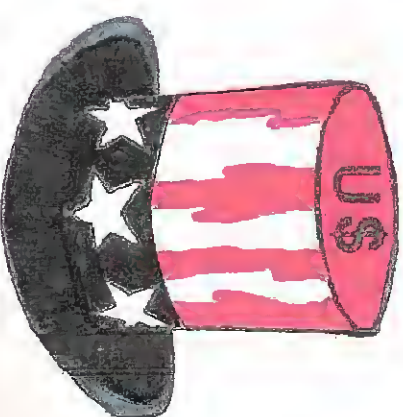
UNCLE SCAM

Land of the free
Home of the brave
Don't fool yourselves people
Your title is slave.

From cradle to coffin
Your asses are mine
But you can still choose
Between two party lines.

Freedom for comfort
You made the trade
So don't cry to me
When the price must be paid.

Your dear old uncle
Will tend to your needs
All I demand in return
Is a heart that bleeds.



BEWARE



UNCLE SCAM